

MY MOTHER'S DOOR.

By M. M. M. M.

met in the mist one morning
A girl whom I had known from a child.
And whose bright self was her best adornment—
But that dark morning her looks were wild.
"Stop, little Nora," she said as I bade her.
"Why are you here alone on the moon?"
"I was out last night, today I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

"Why do you go, then, and what is your sorrow?"
"Tell an old man who has known you long."
"Sorrow? A word you will know to-morrow."
"And he first—just don't—say I was wrong."
"I need to be glad—no girl was gladder—
I never remembered that we were poor."
"I was out last night, and today I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door."

"What has she done to you?" "Broken my heart,
sir."
"And what have you done to her now, pray?"
"Nothing but love him, and take his part, sir."
"For the poor fellow hasn't a word to say."
"Then she got mad, and you got madder,
And didn't you stamp your foot on the floor?"
"I was out last night—'And to-day you are
sadder,
Because you go from your mother's door."

"You will go back, Nora. Give me your hand
now."
"I would rather not, sir." "I say you will,
You will fetch him to see me. You understand
now."
"Your reverence knows him. It's only Ned,
she looked up, and he brought a lad who
he loves me." "You told me that before.
But your mother is sad." "She shall not be sad
any more."
"I will not go from my mother's door!"
—*Asquith's Journal for a Month.*

THE HOUSE CLEANING.

Mr. Walter Ammidon laid his knife
and fork down with a gesture of absolute
despair.

"Not going to clean house again, Mrs.
Benedict! Why, it seems as if we had
only just recovered from the dreadful
tearings-up process of last fall."

Mrs. Benedict slowly dropped four
lumps of sugar into his coffee, then
handed it to him, utterly regardless of
the misery in his face.

"Dreadful tearing up!—that's perfect
nonsense, Mr. Ammidon. As if you were
very much inconvenienced last Octo-
ber while the carpets were up and the
curtains down and the painting going on.
Of course I shall clean it; it's my habit,
and has been for twenty odd years."

Mr. Ammidon gave a little groan at
the sad fate that awaited him—that
awaited all bachelors in boarding-houses
—in the shape of several consecutive
days of bare floors and the odor of
soap; of cold dinners eaten wherever it
was convenient to set the dining table;
of Mrs. Benedict in a chronic state of
bustle and crossness, and the servants
impudent, tired and sulky; of wide-open
doors and windows; where the draughts
tore through.

He was a gentleman, however, Mr.
Ammidon was, and so repressed his ill-
temper and disgust and mental maledic-
tions that house cleaning was a purely
malicious instigation of his satanic
majesty for the torment of mankind.

"We'll be so nice and sweet and
clean," Mrs. Benedict went on, with
horrible cheerfulness, "and I've been
thinking that I'll have your rooms newly
papered, Mr. Ammidon. I'm sure you'll
like that?"

"Very much—when it is done,
madam."

And he cut his meal short and rushed
out of doors into the cool, fresh October
evening air.

"Ah, bah! I can already experience
the agonies of last fall! Good Heaven!
the woman must be made of cast-iron to
attempt such a siege again. It is no
wonder her husband died if he suffered
two attacks of house-clearing a year, and
I shall die or go crazy unless I leave her
—but I suppose all women are equally
idiotic."

A groan of genuine misery broke from
his lips as he strode along, his hat
jammed over his eyes—very unlike the
handsome gentleman he really was, with
his frank, cheery face and pleasant
mouth, with the white even teeth, and
the half-curled, thick, dark hair, and
the grave, intelligent eyes, that nothing
could ruffle as the idea of Mrs. Bene-
dict's semi-annual tearing-up—a court-
eous, refined, genial gentleman whom
society found a puzzle because of his
persistent bachelorhood, when it knew
of at least half a dozen who would have
jumped at the faintest chance of an offer
of marriage from him—who himself
wondered why he had never fallen in
love—and whom pretty little Mrs. Bal-
dwin, the blue-eyed, blonde-haired
widow, with no incumbrance, a house of
her own, and an income of three thou-
sand dollars a year, often felt piqued
with that he was so very unimpressible.

So Mr. Ammidon strode along, almost
mechanically turning corners, his pace
gradually growing slower, and then all
at once he heard the brilliant tones of a
piano as some skilled hand played, and
looking up, found himself in front of a
warmly-lighted, cheery, hospitable house
—the very house where Mrs. Bessie
Baldwin lived.

The contrast was so strikingly vivid
between the pictures in his imagination
that he involuntarily paused—one, the
picture of the way Mrs. Benedict's
boarding-house would look next day, the
other of how Mrs. Baldwin's elegant
little home always appeared when he
called there, and as it appeared now
through the lace curtains—quiet, warm,
hospitable, inviting.

And like a revelation from heaven it
came to him—an idea, a determination
that was so strong, so resistless, that he
walked up Mrs. Baldwin's front steps
and rang the door-bell, wondering as he
did why the music had ceased, and where
the player had gone.

"I'll marry her if she'll have me, and
then we'll see how many times a year
the house is cleaned; that is if—"
Then the door opened and the maid
invited him into the parlor, with the in-
formation that Mrs. Baldwin had just
run into a neighbor's by the side gate,
but would be back directly if the sick
child was better she had gone to see.

Mr. Ammidon ensconced himself in
the easiest chair in the room—a great,
deep, wide, cushioned affair was drawn
up by the little low table under the
chandelier.

"Bless her pretty blue eyes! Gone to
see a sick child; I like that—I like it.
What a blessing it occurred to me to
offer myself to such a good-hearted,
cheerful, tender, fond little woman as
she is; and what a miraculous fool I have
been not to have done it long ago. Why,
honestly I feel as if I had been in love
with her all along; and I believe I love
her, and never knew it!"

His handsome head leaned comfortably
against the cushion, and his well-shaped,
well-boiled feet were crossed on a low

ottoman near the fire that burned cozy
and brightly. He waited ten—twenty—
thirty minutes, and when she had not
come at the expiration of three-quarters
of an hour Mr. Ammidon was conscious
of a keen disappointment that aston-
ished himself.

"At all events my object shall be ac-
complished, so far as I can accomplish
it," he thought.

And he took his gold and ivory pen,
and wrote an ardent, courteous, undeni-
ably eager statement of his case, asking
her to be his beloved wife, and begged
an answer on the morrow, when she
should be visiting Mrs. Benedict.

"I accidentally learned you would
take tea with us to-morrow night," he
wrote, "and I must know at once when I
meet you if I am the blessed man I
hope to be. If you can look favorably
on my suit let me know by answering
'yes' to the question I put to you. If
it is otherwise, I will not trouble you
further."

Then he signed himself suitably, put
the folded and addressed note conspicu-
ously on the top of a pile of newspapers
and sheet music on the piano, and took
his leave, in a strange whirl of excite-
ment and expectation.

Half an hour later Mrs. Baldwin came
in, and stopped as she passed the dining-
room door to speak to the girl.

"You carried all those papers and the
music up stairs, Annie, as I told you?"

"The very minute the gentleman went
away, Mrs. Baldwin—it was Mr. Ammi-
don, and he came just as you went out."

"Oh, that's too bad! That I was not in!
Mrs. May's little baby is very, very sick,
Annie."

And so Mrs. Baldwin never knew of
the precious letter, as she sat there alone
by the fire, thinking of the caller she
had missed with genuine sorrow and
pining cheeks and eyes full of disap-
pointment. For pretty Mrs. Bessie,
with her soft blue eyes and rebelliously
curly hair, and small, perfect figure, was
more interested in the handsome bache-
lor than she cared to admit—even to her-
self.

The next day she dressed with un-
usual care for her afternoon visit to Mrs.
Benedict, wondering, as she bustled the
soft little ruffling around the neck of
her sleeveless velvet jacket, and adjust-
ed the *puffs* of her black silk overskirt,
whether or not Mr. Ammidon would think
she looked well, and whether, possibly,
he might not escort her home. So her eyes
were dancing with radiant blue sun-
shine, and her cheeks were flushing a
most delicious rose pink hue, her lovely
mouth dimpling into a bewitching smile,
when Mr. Ammidon came into the sitting-
room, several minutes before the time for
the dinner-bell to ring—Mr. Ammidon, hand-
some as she had ever seen him, in a dark-
blue cloth suit with white tie, and his face
so grandly intelligent and animated as
he went up to her and offered her his
hand, looking straight into her face as
he spoke, very quietly, but with all his
force in his words—and she so smiling,
unconscious.

"I am very glad to see you, Mrs.
Baldwin. Didn't you find it very cool
this afternoon?"

Then she met his gaze, hating her-
self because her heart was throbbing so
gladly at the sight of him, and de-
spising herself because he had thrilled her
from head to foot. Then, never know-
ing her fate was in it, she turned her
beautiful face carelessly away and with-
drew her hand, and answered him:
"No; I thought it was charmingly
pleasant."

And Mr. Ammidon recoiled as if he
had been struck a dreadful blow, and
could not, for the life of him, console
himself with the conviction that women
were fools and men were well rid of them.

The next day he told Mrs. Benedict
he would not want his apartments any
longer, and had his trunks packed and
sent to a hotel. Mr. Ammidon deter-
mined to kill two birds with one stone—
to get rid of the possibility of having to
meet often Mrs. Benedict's friend, the
pretty little woman, than whom he had
never loved another more, and to make
his home where house-clearing was
unknown, and Bessie cried till her eyes
were red and swollen to think how en-
tirely indifferent Mr. Ammidon was to her.

And the winter crept softly along in
soft, white, snowy robes, and several
times Mrs. Baldwin saw Mr. Ammidon
driving past, although he didn't do more
as he passed than glance carelessly at
the window and bow. And the sweet
warm spring days came, and with per-
fumed tints of roses and woodbine, and
fresh emerald leaves, and climbing vines,
and bursting blossoms, came Bessie
Baldwin's fate, in the shape of the in-
numerate, the inevitable spring cleaning
that must be undertaken and accom-
plished, no matter how temptingly
balmy sunshine and fragrant breezes and
cloudless skies came to welcome them.

Thus it happened that Mrs. Baldwin
stood in one of her chambers with a
blue veil tied tightly over her golden
hair, and her muslin dress pinned up in
front, disclosing ravishingly lovely feet,
despite the half-worn boots, with a basket
lying in readiness beside her, and her
faithful ally, Annie, waiting to con-
sign piles of waste to deadly ignominy,
and the paper and rag man.

"Only one pile more, Annie, and
aren't you glad we're so nearly done?
Here, you sort the papers, and I'll see
that nothing worth saving has been put
with this music."

And a minute after the soft, rustling
stillness was broken by a sudden ejacu-
lation from Mrs. Baldwin, and Annie
looked up, wide-eyed to see her reading
a pencilled note, with paling face and
trembling lips. "It's a letter I lost,
that's all, Annie. Go on with the pa-
pers. There is a man at the door. I'll
go down. You can finish."

And with fluttering heart and eyes
that were suspiciously bright Mrs.
Bessie went down stairs, glad of an op-
portunity to get away by herself a few
minutes to think it all over, to try to
realize that it was true that Walter
Ammidon had loved her. And she
brushed away tears that were both
rapturous and full of disappointment
and fear, and opened the front door to
Walter Ammidon. He bowed with a
look of surprise and chagrin, fearing
lest, now that his love for Bessie Bal-
dwin had overleaped its boundaries, and
forced him to a second attempt to win
her love—that had become more precious
in proportion as it seemed unobtainable.

—fearfullest his coming, as suggested
by her appearance, was inopportune and
awkward.

But Mrs. Baldwin flushed and smiled,
and looked lovingly despite the old blue
veil. And then he suddenly discovered
she held in her hand the note he had
written her six months ago. She an-
swered his inquiring look as she con-
ducted him into the parlor.

"I have only this moment read your
letter. Oh, Mr. Ammidon, what must
you have thought of me all this time?"

"That you were the sweetest little
darling in all the world, whom I loved
so, and wanted so, that I came again to-
day to plead my cause. Bessie, consider
that letter written just now—what would
be your answer?"

And she dropped her white eyelids
and half-averted her sweet face, and
the answer came through her parted lips,
so low that only lover's ears would have
known she said "Yes."

And Mr. Ammidon never finds fault
when his wife "cleans house," because
he knows that if it had not been for that
abused institution he might be a lonely
bachelor in Mrs. Benedict's establish-
ment.

How the Late Strike Was Inaugurated.

The Teamsters' Union, which in-
augurated the late strike, was organized
between June 2 and July 10. It was
started when the Pennsylvania Company
and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company
ordered the reduction of 10 per cent. in
the wages, to take effect on June 1.
Mr. A. R. Ammon, then employed on
the Fort Wayne road, was dismissed
from the service, and at once proceeded
to the organization of the Union. Three
years ago, when the engineers struck,
the firemen took their positions at the
thrill, and there was no interruption
to begin at the other end of the trains,
and flagmen, brakemen, conductors and
firemen took the oath, which the mem-
bers refuse to disclose. Ammon was the
first to sign the roll and take the oath,
and following came the names of the
Fort Wayne men. This was all the
organization there was about it. A trip
was made over the Baltimore and Ohio
road by the leaders, and trainmen the
length of the line took the oath. About
this time the managers of the Connell-
sville division got wind of the association,
and discharged all the men who joined
the Union. The work of organization
meantime went on, and a strike was or-
dered for June 27, the going out of the
Fort Wayne men to be the signal for a
general strike on the trunk line. The
men on the Fort Wayne line weakened,
and the strike did not take place. Mr.
Ammon predicted that a general strike
would follow the action of the Fort
Wayne road, and the news by telegraph
from all parts of the country seems to
justify his statement. The union was a
strong one, considering that it was a lit-
tle over a month old. The engineers,
although not members of the union, are
nevertheless in sympathy with the
strikers, and it does not require much
intimidation to cause them to desert
their engines. This is the statement
made by the leading strikers in the
union.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The Wheat Crop.

The latest returns received at the Ag-
ricultural Department show that the
winter wheat crop, already safely har-
vested, is the largest produced in this
country for many years. The spring
wheat is also in excellent condition, and
an unprecedented yield is anticipated.
The cotton prospects are also more fa-
vorable than last year at this time, the
product being now estimated at upward
of 4,500,000 bales. The wheat crop of
last year was 260,000,000 bushels. This
year it will be more than 325,000,000
bushels. The average export of five
years has been 61,500,000 bushels. The
largest amount ever exported in one year
was 90,000,000 bushels. Of this year's
crop not less than 100,000,000 bushels
may be sent abroad.

Another important circumstance in
connection with our own abundant har-
vest is the reduced production of South-
ern Russia, resulting from the disturbed
condition of affairs in the countries ad-
jacent to the Black sea. Recent special
reports from Southern Russia report the
estimated crop of the present season at
less than one-half that of former years.
Russia has hitherto been our only great
rival in the English wheat market. Be-
fore 1872 Russia shipped almost as much
wheat to the markets of the world as the
United States. Last year the Russian
supply was only one-third as great as
that of the United States, and for the
present year it is shown by official com-
munications that the proportion of Rus-
sian wheat will be much less. It is
shown by official reports that the wheat
crop in California for the present season
is small, so that the estimated surplus of
100,000,000 bushels will be produced
east of the Rocky mountains, and must
reach the seaboard by rail or river.—
Washington Dispatch to New York Tribune.

Cruelty to School-Boys.

A London school-boy, 12 years of age,
committed suicide recently because he
feared a flogging. He had played tru-
ant, and knew what the usual conse-
quences were. The matter has stirred
up a great commotion in the newspapers,
and a Parliamentary inquiry has been
demanded. Some persons familiar
with the discipline of the school have
written to the *London Times* about it,
maintaining that the public would not be
astonished at the results if they knew
how the flogging was done. The Rev.
A. A. Day says, over his own signature,
that two men are required for the opera-
tion. One takes hold of the boy, hoists
him on the back by the wrists, and keeps
him suspended. The other strips off
his coat and, armed with a large and
heavy rod, gives fifteen cuts on the boy's
bare back, and these with might and
main. This, however, was a mild flog-
ging, for if the offense was at all great,
the boy, after having fifteen cuts on his
back, received fifteen more in another
place with a fresh rod; and that, at least,
in Mr. Day's time, used to be the pun-
ishment for running away. The school
at which this sort of flogging prevails is
called, by an odd irony, Christ's Hospi-
tal.

"This is a great country. Every nation
is afraid of us. Except the Indians."
—*Minstrel Joke.*

THE DRAWS BATTLE.

With the railroad managers Remember
the Lesson that Has Been Taught Them?
(From the New York Times.)

No one pretends that these reductions,
trying as they have been, and these sup-
plementary regulations, cruel as they
concededly are, have been resorted to
by the companies in sheer wantonness.
Most of them are more or less embar-
rased. We have Mr. Vanderbilt's ad-
mission that the trunk lines tributary to
the Atlantic cities are in excess of the
legitimate wants of trade.

In other words, the railroad business, even in the
older States, has been overdone. Their
exigencies have prompted managers to
compete in a way that entails loss upon
all concerned. Evidently, then, the
companies, considered only with refer-
ence to their inevitable expenses and
their actual receipts, are in a condition
that calls for rigid economy. Bring ev-
erything down to "hard pan," and their
position in these times would call for
extreme thrift and care.

So much the workmen seem generally to have under-
stood, as their concurrence in reductions
shows. The great misfortune of the
railroads is not that business is dull and
comparatively unprofitable, but that they
are required to face hard times burdened
with the consequences of former errors
of management. They are organized on
a basis which presupposes a continuance
of the era of inflation. They added
enormously to their bonded debts, en-
cumbering their balance sheets with li-
abilities to escape save through bankruptcy.
They entered into leases and guarantees
which are now so many millstones about
their necks. To crowd all their capital-
ized stock according to the then in-
flated values and the exceptional
amount of their earnings. The stock
thus largely "watered" naturally craves
dividends; and, as one of the conditions of
good credit, a company spurs no effort
to enable itself to pay them. Hence the
exigency from which direct and indirect
reductions of wages proceed. There is
an obvious danger that the road itself
will be neglected and that desirable im-
provements will be postponed. On this
point an outsider cannot pretend to have
positive knowledge. But the fact is un-
deniable that to pay interest on their
bonded debts, to fulfill specific contracts,
and to check the depreciation of their
stocks, the companies are obliged to re-
duce their pay-lists to the lowest pos-
sible limit. The effect upon the condi-
tion of the workmen is ignored by the
companies in their natural anxiety for
their own solvency.

If the whole matter ended as it now is,
we might accept the cessation of the
strike, however brought about, as a posi-
tive deliverance from danger. This we
cannot do. For, while it is certain that
the lowest practicable point of wage-
reduction has been reached, it is not at
all certain that, with business in its
present condition, the companies can
congratulate themselves upon the com-
pleteness of their escape from peril.
Their managers, if prudent, will there-
fore direct their attention to other modes
of relief from financial embarrassment
than that which is gained at the expense
of their workmen. The duty is un-
welcome, but it cannot be much longer pos-
tponed. Every other great interest has
in one way or another adapted itself to
the altered condition of affairs. All are
compelled to recast their accounts with
reference to the shrinkage that has oc-
curred. The turn of the railroad com-
panies is come. They have cut down
wages, and if the reduction operate equi-
tably the world will hold them justified.
When the time arrives for another ap-
plication of the screw, their wisest course
will be to revalue their properties, and
to reconstruct their balance-sheets in the
light of the amended valuation.

Baltimore's Losses by the Strike.

Attention has been called in the *Gazette*
a number of times to the serious
losses, caused by the strike on the Bal-
timore and Ohio road, to nearly every
industry and branch of trade, wholesale
and retail.

It is of course impossible to estimate
with absolute accuracy the amount of
loss, in dollars and cents. Inquiry by
the *Gazette* into this question makes it
certain, however, that it does not fall
short of several million dollars. The
railroad company itself has done no
freight business, its passenger traffic
has fallen off to a mere nothing, and
freight of all kinds, detained at various
points, has suffered more or less dam-
age, some of it having been rendered
entirely worthless. The railroad property
near Mount Clare destroyed by fire was
alone valued at about \$50,000, and the
loss by other causes has been at least
\$500,000. The petroleum trade has
been one of the greatest sufferers. The
loss to this branch of trade may be put
down at \$100,000, the loss to the grain
trade at \$50,000, to the coal trade at
\$25,000, to the wholesale liquor trade at
\$50,000, to the liquor saloons at \$50,000
(estimating that the 500 saloons made
an average of only \$10 a day), to the cat-
tle trade at \$50,000, and to other trades
at \$50,000. Besides these items are to
be considered the cost of the burning of
the sack factories near President street
depot, \$50,000; the maintenance of the
troops, \$25,000; and of the special
police, \$15,000. There are, further-
more, to be taken into account the stop-
page of manufacturing, and consequent
loss of wages, the effect of this upon the
retail trade, and another item is pre-
sented of not less than \$300,000. This
makes a grand total of nearly \$2,000,000,
a sum that will, it is believed, come with-
in the actual figures could they be posi-
tively ascertained. The following table
will show more clearly an approximate
estimate of the losses incurred by the
various trades:

Baltimore and Ohio, by fire, etc.	\$ 50,000
Baltimore and Ohio, other causes	500,000
Petroleum trade	100,000
Grain trade	50,000
Coal trade	25,000
Wholesale liquor trade	50,000
Retail trade	50,000
Cattle trade	50,000
Other trades (including hotels)	500,000
Sack factories burned	50,000
Maintenance of troops	25,000
Special police	15,000
Wages, retail trades, etc.	300,000
Total	\$1,775,000

—*Baltimore Gazette.*

An Ohio Horror.

About three miles west of Berlin, near
the Darke county line, on last Friday,
a lady went out to draw a bucket of water
from the well in the yard, leaving her
two children, a little boy of about 4
years of age and a little girl of less than
a year, in the house. While she was

drawing up the bucket, which was at-
tached to a windlass, her little boy came
to her with a bloody knife in his hand,
and the mother let go of the windlass
and ran to the house, to find the little
daughter's throat cut from ear to ear,
and quite dead. When she released the
windlass, to which the filled bucket was
attached, the swiftly-revolving handle
struck the little boy, crushing his skull,
killing him instantly.—*Greenville (O.) Herald.*

Irish Discontent.

This brings me to the question of
Irish discontent. There can be no doubt
that it is quite as deep and passionate as
ever. Of course it ought not to be if
Mr. Gladstone's predictions were worth
anything at the time he disestablished
the Protestant Church in Ireland. There-
foreforth, he assured the world, the
Irish would be contented and happy.
What are the facts? An Irish land-
lord of the greatest influence in his own
country assured me the other day that never
had he known the country to be in so
disturbed and dangerous a condition.
"Everywhere," said he, "the peasantry
are being drilled with the utmost care
and regularity, and they are now all well
armed. The police dare not interfere.
The people hope that England will get
to war with Russia, and then they ex-
pect to give her some trouble, and they
will do it, too." It would be of little
use to tell this to the majority of Eng-
lishmen, for they would only laugh at
it. Yet it may turn out to be anything
but a laughing matter. In the event of
a foreign war there would not be many
troops to spare for the suppression of
insurrection in Ireland.—*Mr. Jennings*
London Letter in the New York World.

Able Liars.

The Sazarac Lying Club meetings are
reported in the *Austin (Tex.) Revue*.
The members are very able liars, accord-
ing to what we read about them. One
of them stood up in a recent meeting
and said: "The telegraph company are
now using the quadruplex system over
the Virginia and Salt Lake circuit, by
means of which four messages can be
sent simultaneously over a single wire.
The increased strain on the wire is not
visible here in Austin, but I was out at
Dry creek yesterday, and in that vicinity
the wire was just jumping itself, and
groaning and straining, and dropping
works off in chunks. I examined the
wire and found a knot in it, and came to
the conclusion that a quadruplex mes-
sage had struck the knot and got tangled
up at that point. I tried to straighten
the wire out, but a section of an account
of a battle between the Turks and Rus-
sians struck me on the ear and knocked
me down, and I concluded that it was
not advisable to fool with the thing."

Secretary Sherman.

A correspondent in Vermont, who
met Secretary Sherman when he visited
that State a few days ago, photographs
him in this wise: "His personal ap-
pearance is striking, if not imposing.
Over six feet tall, lean and lank, he is
the type of a true Westerner. Careless-
ly dressed, wearing a sack-coat of dark
material anything but broadcloth, with a
dark, high-crowned straw hat, not re-
cently purchased, his feet incased in
brogans, with cotton socks, which might
have been covered had his trousers been
an inch or two longer, he reminds one
of a careless, well-to-do stock-buyer or
a patent rights peddler, rather than the
chief financial agent of this great nation.
In conversation he is affable, and when
not being interviewed by a newspaper
correspondent, which, by the way, is
his especial aversion, he is free and
somewhat careless in his remarks."

A Pennsylvania Insect.

There is a general notion that only
tropical countries are infested with ants
that are capable of doing serious dam-
age. This, it appears, is a mistake.
There is a black "carpenter ant," whose
name, *Formica Pennsylvanica*, indicates
its residence, that is capable of effecting
much destruction in woodwork. The
Rev. Dr. McCook has seen a rather
large ant penetrated to the extent of
five or six feet of its length, completely
honey-combing it. The rafter was in
the roof of a porch. The attention of
the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences
was called to the matter, as it is evident
that such penetration of wooden struc-
tures, and especially bridges, might cause
their unexpected fall. Wooden bridges
need at least as frequent and as thorough
inspection as iron structures.

The Nathan Murder.

The Philadelphia *North American*
says that the police of New York had the
murder of Nathan in custody at one
time and knew that they had him. Mr.
Nathan's coachman had the idea that his
master owed him \$100,000, and the mur-
derer, entered by the back way, just as
the coachman was in the habit of doing
surprisingly. Also for several nights
before the murder the coachman had
slept about the wharves on North river
and the murder was committed with a
"ship's dog." The police detained him
sixteen days and then sent him to the
Ward's Island Asylum, without men-
tioning the fact publicly, the family be-
ing satisfied that he could not be con-
victed on account of his insanity.

Copper in Blood.

At last it has been apparently proved
that copper is a normal constituent of
the blood, not only of man, but of the
lower animals. In the case of the blood
of man, the presence of copper might be
thought to be accidental, and intro-
duced through the use of vessels of that
material, in the preparation of food.
But an analysis of the blood of wild
herbivorous animals also discloses cop-
per. It has yet to be ascertained whether
the copper belongs to the plasma or to
the blood globules, or both, or
whether it is introduced in the food or
drink.

Death By Anesthetics.

Although deaths during the adminis-
tration of anesthetics are a compara-
tively small percentage, yet their total
numbers, if a considerable period of
time is embraced, seem somewhat for-
midable. Dr. Charles Anderson recently
prepared a list of deaths during the use
of chloroform in and near Cincinnati for
thirty years past. He finds twenty
cases, and in the journal which records
this there happens to be mentioned four
other cases of death by chloroform or
ether—they being recent, but not all
occurring in this country.

If you had gone to me, my friend